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*"The Little Chapel on the Corner"*  
(REG.)

"THE LITTLE CHAPEL ON THE CORNER"

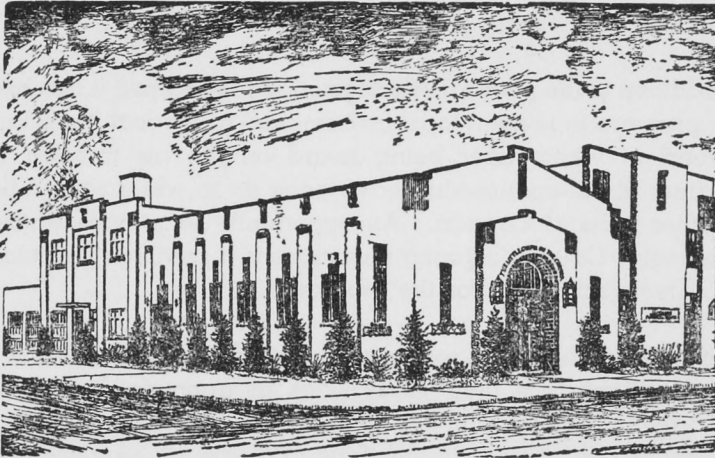


# Jacques Funeral Home

(ESTABLISHED 1930)

Seventeenth Avenue at Second Street West

CALGARY, ALBERTA



VERA L. JACQUES  
(Mrs. William Ireland)

MURRAY L. JACQUES

# FOREWORD



THE program "Chapel Chimes" has been broadcast over Station CFAC, Calgary, for the past eighteen seasons, and has been arranged and personally supervised by Mrs. Vera L. Jacques during that time.

This collection of poems has been selected from readings which have elicited the greatest response from listeners requesting copies. The many letters and comments received have been most encouraging and provide an indication of the interest shown in this weekly presentation.

In addition to the poetical offerings on the broadcast, it has been our pleasure to present local instrumental and vocal musicians, several of whom after being heard on the air through the medium of our sponsorship have gone on to wider recognition in other parts of Canada. An opportunity to provide encouragement to Calgary's young musicians is a privilege welcomed by those responsible for the programs.

The present volume of readings is offered to our listeners with sincere thanks for their expressions of appreciation through the years, coupled with the hope that our choice of musical selections and poems will continue to please an ever-widening audience.

Acknowledgement is herewith made to many well-known and anonymous authors and authoresses for the privilege of using their poems on this broadcast.



# Selected Poems

from

## “Chapel Chimes”

1952

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A program broadcast by the Jacques Funeral Home  
direct from “The Little Chapel on the Corner” each  
Sunday at 3.00 o’clock over CFAC . . . .

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## *Love and Marriage*

—❧— "A WEDDING PRAYER"

God, give them length of days to live together  
Upon this earth; and lend them grace, we pray,  
To keep in dignity and peace and splendor  
This bright new house that they have built today.

And teach them, God, on this, their bridal morning,  
To walk love's path, with fearless eyes—brave, gay;  
To know that two who bear all things together  
Will build a house that shall not pass away.

H. WELSHIMER

—❧— "HAND IN HAND"

All the way to age we'll go  
Hand in hand together;  
All the way to brows of snow,  
Through every sort of weather;  
Rain or shine, blue sky or gray,  
Joy and sorrow sharing,  
Hand in hand along the way  
We'll go bravely faring.

All the way to sunset land  
We'll walk down together;  
Side by side and hand in hand,  
Held by Cupid's tether.  
Once we danced in early May  
Steps we'll long remember;  
So we'll trip the miles away,  
Even to December.

Let the years go fleeting by—  
Gray old age shall find us  
Still recalling smile and sigh  
Long since left behind us;  
And though feeble we may grow,  
Worn by wind and weather,  
All the way to age we'll go  
Hand in hand together.

EDGAR A. GUEST

—❧ I do not ask so very much of life:  
Only a little house to share with you—  
A tender house, where dreaming might come true;  
A patch of sky where moons would wax and wane,  
The ever-changing murmur of the sea  
Beyond the door; and on the window-pane  
The patting, friendly fingers of a tree;  
At back and front a little square of soil  
Most generously blessed with shade and sun,  
Where two might purchase loveliness with toil,  
Where two might dream when all the toil was done.  
If I might have but these, the world may keep  
All other boons for which I now may weep.

COUSLAND D. WOODROW

—❧ "POEM FOR BRIDE AND GROOM"

Hang this poem close beside your hearth,  
Let its blessing rest upon you there:  
May this home be heaven to you on earth;  
Fire and lamp and table, bed and chair,  
Each within its own peculiar place,  
Roof above and floor beneath to hold  
You warm and sheltered in its deep embrace,  
With doors to close against the winter cold.

Close them not to Love—let it abide  
Forever by this hearthstone. May there be  
Tolerance and faith and trust inside  
These upright walls, and mirth and charity,  
And some day children's voices, children's hands,  
To bind your hearts with stronger, firmer bands.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

—❧ "DEEP IN MY HEART"

Deep in my heart I hold your love safeguarded,  
And holding it have little cause for tears.  
With you beside me I shall go brave-hearted,  
Down the bright aisle of the years.



—❧— "TWO BUILD A WORLD"

Two build a world from dreams  
Each heart has known:  
A cup and saucer and a painted chair,  
Some ruffled curtains and a garden grown  
Before the watchful eyes of two who care;  
From picnic suppers on a pasture hill,  
And books at dusk, and fudge and popcorn balls,  
From potted flowers on a window sill,  
And autumn moons, and firelight on a wall.

Two build a world from lullabies at dark,  
And blocks and trains, and cookies in a jar,  
And secrets shared, and rambles in a park;  
From bedtime talks, and wishes on a star,  
And daffodils, and rosebuds tightly curled;  
Of timber such as these, two build a world.

F. D. ADAMS

—❧— "TWO NEWLYWEDS"

The fire burns golden-warm today, the dream is young and  
strong.  
A glory wings above the way, your hearts have caught the  
song;  
But clouds will come, and lashing gale, and they will hurt  
you too,  
But this remember without fail—love will bring you through.

There is no house so full of dreams, so lovely and serene,  
No place where gentle splendor gleams, as that where love  
is queen;  
And yet there is no hell so deep, no house so full of dread,  
As that where ghosts of lovers creep, where love lies still  
and dead.

So let the smiles today be real, and heart to heart now pledge  
No fate shall ever make you feel the cold relentless wedge;  
The skies will be sweet-blue above, and black with tempest  
too;  
Come sun or gale, remember this — that love will see you  
through.

ANONYMOUS

— ❧ — "TWO"

Never a night wind sighing low,  
Never a wild bird's cry,  
Never a raindrop's whispering fall,  
But you come laughing by.

Never the moon above the trees,  
Never a falling star,  
Never a shadowed, winding road,  
But that is where you are.

Never a silence greets the dawn,  
Never the river's glide—  
Never again the way alone,  
For you walk by my side.

M. N. MARTIN

— ❧ — "BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME"

Because you love me  
Each morning shall with brightness shine anew,  
Each day shall be filled with dreams of Love  
For only you;  
Each night  
The silver stars shine in the firmament on high,  
And the golden moon rides joyously  
Across the velvet sky,  
Because of you.

Without your love  
The world would echo only cries of pain,  
The sun would shine  
Only to show us grief,  
Each murmur of a leaf  
Would be a sigh;  
Flowers rare would lose their beauty,  
Fade and die.

Because you love me  
I can soar to heights of fame  
And happiness my heart has never sought to claim;  
Your love shall be a guide  
Through storms on mortal seas;  
The twilight hours,  
The evensong of birds,  
The rustling midnight breeze,  
And these are mine,  
Because of you.

ANONYMOUS

—❧— "PSALM FOR A GOOD MARRIAGE"

Lord God of earth and sky,  
Whose hand hath harnessed the wind  
And the rain,  
Whose ear hath marked the pounding of the surf,  
And the small night stir of crickets in the grass,  
Bless them this day!

Make Thy light shine upon their faces  
As they cross the threshold of this wedded life;  
Let their souls be the wide windows to the sun,  
And their minds open to the light  
Of mutual understanding.  
Let contentment be as a roof over their heads,  
And humility as a carpet for their feet.

Give them love's tenderness for their days of sorrow,  
And love's pride for their days of joy.  
Let the voices of children ring sweetly in their ears,  
And the faces of children glow around their hearth-fire.

Let not the evil bird of envy darken their ways,  
Or the poisonous fangs of greed sting their hands,  
Give them high hearts;  
Let beauty dwell with them  
In the sheen of copper pans  
And the cool folding of linen,  
In the shining surface of china,  
And tinkle of glass.  
Give them, O Lord, these blessings  
Of the simple life.

Make theirs in truth a good marriage,  
For ever and ever. Amen.

ANONYMOUS

—❧— Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of thy peace.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



❧ "WHY I LOVE YOU"

Why do I love you?  
I love you, not only for what you are,  
But for what I am when I am with you.

I love you not only for what you have made of yourself,  
But for what you are making of me.

I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool in me  
And for laying firm hold on the possibilities of the good in me.

I love you for closing your eyes to the discords in me,  
And for adding to the music in me by worshipful listening.

I love you because you are helping me  
To make of the lumber of my life,  
Not a tavern but a temple;  
And of the words of my every day,  
Not a reproach but a song.

I love you because you have done more  
Than any creed to make me happy.  
You have done it without a word,  
Without a touch, without a song;  
You have done it by just being yourself.

Perhaps, after all, that is what love means.

M. C. DAVIES

❧ "PRAYER FOR A BRIDE'S HOUSE"

She is so young, dear Lord, so very young,  
She is so wide eyed and naively sweet;  
She does not dream of great rooms, draped and hung  
With master paintings, rugs where some queen's feet  
Have lightly trod. She dreams of this instead:  
A small new house, with freshly painted floors,  
With hand-stitched curtains and above her head  
Bright dishes gleaming, through wee cupboard doors.  
She'll learn some day the value of old things,  
When eagerness is still and she is wise,  
Knowing the disillusionment time brings;  
But now there's so much springtime in her eyes,  
And this is her first house. Whate'er you do—  
Let everything about it, Lord, be new.

C. L. COLES

—•••{ "AND SO WE DREAM"

The little house that Love would build,  
How very real it stands,  
Wrought to each eager tender wish  
Love waitingly demands.  
It will have all the dearest things  
Of dream-uplifted hands.

A sunny window shadow-touched,  
A fire that sleeps and burns  
And panes that know the touch of leaves  
A mellowed light for ferns,  
A living nook that when one leaves  
Beckons and waits and yearns.

These dreamheld things that Love would have  
Though priceless they may be,  
We weave them out of tender hopes  
Nor name them luxury—  
Who tends the spirit's lovely needs  
Buys pure necessity!

AMY CAMPBELL

—•••{ "LIFE"

What's Life? A story or a song—  
A race on any track;  
A gay adventure, short or long—  
A puzzling nut to crack;  
A grinding task, a pleasant stroll—  
A climb . . . a slide down hill;  
A constant striving for a goal—  
A cake, a bitter pill;  
A pit where fortune flouts or stings—  
A playground full of fun—  
With many, any of these things,  
With others . . . all in one.

What's Life? To love the things we see—  
The hills that touch the skies;  
The smiling sea, the laughing lea—  
The light in woman's eyes.  
To work and love the work we do—  
To play a game that's square;  
To grin a bit when feeling blue—  
With friends our joys to share;  
To smile, though games be lost or won,  
To earn our daily bread;  
And when at last the day is done—  
To tumble into bed.

GRIFFIN ALEXANDER



## *Home and Mother*





## "DEAR OLD MOTHER"

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair  
And kindly eyes, and lips grown soft and sweet  
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.  
There is something in their quiet grace  
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons.  
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes  
That far outreaches all philosophy.

Time, with caressing touch about them, weaves  
The silver-threaded fairy shawl of age,  
While all the echoes of forgotten songs  
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.

Oh, mothers! As they pass with slow timed step,  
Their trembling hands cling gently to young strength.  
Sweet mothers! As they pass, one sees again  
Old garden walks, old roses and old loves.



## "COME HOME"

Home's not a house, home is a heart to which you come at  
night;  
Home is a shrine, a thing apart, an altar lamp alight.  
The journey o'er, the long day through—  
Home is a heart awaiting you.

How long your roof I do not care, how high your ivied towers;  
If not a heart is waiting there that counts the weary hours,  
You are as homeless as the poor who sleep  
Unsheltered on the moor.

But if you have a hearth, a home, a chair, a glowing fire,  
A wife awaiting while you roam, and children for their sire,  
Let neither gold nor pleasure blind,  
Nor think a greater joy to find.

Come home, for home is always best, however loud the song;  
Come home, for home is tenderest and right and never wrong.  
Come home, for fear some foolish day  
You stay too long and lose the way.

D. MALLOCH



Bless the four corners of your home,  
And be the lintel blest;  
And bless the hearth and bless the board,  
And bless each place of rest.

Bless the door that opens wide  
To stranger, as to kin;  
And bless each crystal window pane  
That lets the starlight in.

And bless the roof that's overhead,  
And every sturdy wall;  
The peace of man, the peace of God,  
The peace of love, on all.



### "ROOFS"

A roof is shingled that it may  
Shut out the rain and wind and snow,  
But any roof may hold within  
Its shelter all of life, I know:

The love of woman for a man,  
His love for her, their hopes, their fears,  
The miracle of birth and life,  
The agony of death and tears.

No rain-tight roof may keep the prayers  
A mother prays from rising up,  
Nor stay the wine which God Himself  
Pours daily in her lifted cup;

But, oh, it can hold close the peace  
All parents know—that sense of right,  
When every child is safe beneath  
The shelter of a roof at night.

And often when I mark them there—  
Small roofs stretched low along a street—  
I see them through bright, sudden tears:  
The things they shelter are so sweet.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

—❧— "I HAVE FOUND SUCH JOY"

I have found such joy in simple things—  
A plain, clean room, a nut-brown loaf of bread,  
A cup of milk, a kettle as it sings,  
The shelter of a roof above my head;  
And in a leaf-faced square upon a floor  
Where yellow sunlight glimmers through a door.

I have found such joy in things that fill  
My quiet days—a curtain's blowing grace,  
A growing plant upon a window sill,  
A rose fresh-cut and placed within a vase,  
A table cleared, a lamp beside a chair,  
And books I long have loved, beside me there.

Oh, I have found such joy, I wish I might  
Tell every woman who goes seeking far  
For some elusive feverish delight,  
That very close to home the great joys are—  
These fundamental things, old as the race,  
Yet new through the ages, commonplace.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

—❧— "MOTHER'S HANDS"

Dear gentle hands have stroked my hair  
And cooled my brow—  
Soft hands that pressed me close  
And seemed to know somehow  
Those fleeting moods and erring thoughts  
That cloud my day,  
Which quickly melt beneath their suffrage  
And pass away.

No other balm for earthly pain  
Is half so sure;  
No sweet caress so filled with love,  
Nor half so pure;  
No other soul so close akin  
That understands;  
No touch that brings such perfect peace  
As Mother's hands.

W. D. WEDGEFARTH



—❧— Some doors have hearts, it seems to me,  
They open so invitingly,  
You feel they are quite kind—akin  
To all the warmth you find within.

Some doors, so weather-beaten, gray,  
Swing open in a listless way,  
As if they wish you had not come—  
Their stony silence leaves you dumb.

Some classic doors stand closed and barred,  
As if their beauty might be marred  
If any sought admittance there,  
Save king, or prince, or millionaire.

But may mine be a friendly door,  
May all who cross the threshold o'er  
Within find sweet content and rest,  
And know each was a welcome guest.

—❧— Oh, love this house and make of it a home,  
A cherished, hallowed place;  
Root roses at its base, and freely paint  
The glow of welcome on its smiling face;  
For after friends are gone and children marry,  
And you are left alone,  
The house you loved will clasp you to its heart,  
Within its arms of lumber and of stone.

—❧— "NEW HOME"

This little house will not be truly mine  
Till on its roof the winter snows have lain  
And frost has etched each shining window pane;  
Till spring has greened its groping chimney vine  
And flung the flaming tulips, line on line,  
Along its paths; till summer sun and rain  
Have withered it, and autumn's crimson stain  
Of leaves dripped over it, like christening wine.

For when this house, with each slow season's turning,  
Has met the measure of the life I plan—  
Earnest and eager, radiant and free—  
And yet has taught me, past all further yearning,  
Patience and peace and friendliness to man,  
Then, only then, shall it belong to me.

HELEN GAY MILLER

❧ "THE COOKIE JAR"

Like the love of the mother  
    It shines through our years;  
It has soothed all our hurts  
    And has dried away tears;  
It has paid us for toiling;  
    In sorrow or joy,  
It has always shown kindness  
    To each girl and boy;  
And I'm sorry for people,  
    Whoever they are,  
Who live in a house  
    Where's there's no cookie jar.

EDGAR A. GUEST

❧ "HE BUILDED A HOUSE"

The rich man said, "I shall build my house  
With gardens spreading fair,  
With lawns that roll in verdant sweep  
And flowers strange and rare;  
Away from the throng, of stone and steel,  
With portals wide and high,  
I shall build my house in massive way  
With the grandeur gold will buy."

The poor man said, "I shall build my house  
Close to the path of men,  
Where lanes will wind to my humble door  
O'er hill and dale and glen;  
Where friends will come and children play  
In twilight's golden glow,  
Where laughter's ring will echo far  
And red, red roses grow."

And they builded each of his chosen kind,  
And they gained what each had sought.  
The poor man—comfort, friends and love,  
And the rich—what his gold had bought.  
One had builded himself a house,  
Where a chosen few might roam;  
The other, what gold could never buy,  
For he had builded a home.

O. A. DEMARR



## "THE CARPENTER"

"What this house is going to be"  
Said the carpenter to me,  
"From the plan I cannot see.  
With my hammer, saw and plane  
I can build it to remain  
Long to buffet wind and rain.  
Square the room, and strong the roof,  
I can make it weatherproof,  
True below and fair aloof;  
But I cannot guarantee  
That this house shall lovely be,  
Filled with joy, and sorrow-free.  
Shall these rooms with peace be filled?  
Here shall anger's voice be stilled?  
They must say, for whom I build.  
When at last I go away,  
Here shall all that's tender stay?  
Those who come to dwell must say."

"I have finished—staunch the place;  
Now it needs a touch of grace,  
Needs a mother's smiling face,  
Needs the living spirit here,  
Growing lovelier, year by year,  
Ere this house shall glow with cheer.  
I have tried to build it well—  
But shall beauty truly dwell  
Beneath this roof, the years must tell.  
By the tenderness displayed,  
By the brave souls, unafraid,  
Must this home at last be made."

ANONYMOUS



They talk about a mother's place,  
As though it had a limit.  
There's not a place in earth or heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing, not a woe,  
Not a whispered yes or no,  
There's not a life or death or birth  
That has a feather's weight of worth,  
Without a mother in it.

—•••{ "BLESSING ON A NEW ROOM"

Touch the lintel and touch the wall,  
Nothing but blessing here befall!

Bless the candle that stands by itself,  
Bless the books on the mantel-shelf.

Bless the hearth and the light it sheds,  
Bless the pillow for tired heads.

Those who tarry here, let them know  
A threefold blessing before they go;

Sleep for weariness, peace for sorrow,  
Faith in yesterday and tomorrow.

Those who go from here, let them bear  
The blessing of hope, wherever they fare.

Lintel and window, sill and wall,  
Nothing but good this place befall!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

—•••{ "KNITTED SHAWL"

She said when we asked her: "Why nothing dears at all,  
Perhaps a large-print Bible or a little knitted shawl."

We begged her: "Oh, remember," because she used to tell  
Of all that we should bring her when our grown world went  
well—

Gardens full of roses and trips to carry her  
Where lovely halls of statues and ancient temples were.

(Gay feet and restless, that never could run free,  
Because of our hands clinging to hand and breast and knee!)

Cobweb patterned laces, and yellow starry rings,  
And clinking silver bracelets and silken underthings;

But we who could recall her, so young and tired and gay,  
With long-wild girlish longings for things she could not say—

All that we could bring her forever now at all  
Was just a large-print Bible and a little knitted shawl.

MARGARET WIDDEMER





## *Children*

—❧— "PRAYER FOR A LITTLE GIRL"

Dear Lord, our little baby bless,  
And fill her life with happiness;  
Protect her through the coming years  
And keep her lovely eyes from tears;  
Keep her from pain, and let her stay  
As perfect as she is today.

Dear Lord, watch over her, lest she  
Should catch some ugly fault from me;  
Guard her from selfishness and pride,  
From anger at some whim denied;  
And as the swift years come and go,  
Grant that still lovelier she may grow.

Dear Lord, we ask, keep pure her mind;  
Grant that no hasty thought may find  
Lodgement therein—but from above  
Send her the wisdom of Thy love;  
May there be nothing base or vile  
The joy of knowledge to defile.

Dear Lord, this for our babe we ask:  
The strength and courage for her task;  
Keep her from sin, and let her be  
Always as radiant to see,  
As beautiful, as blithe and gay,  
As perfect as she is today.

EDGAR A. GUEST

—❧— "FIFTH FLOOR — CHILDREN'S"

"Is someone helping you?" she asked. I smiled,  
And touched the little party dress of blue.  
"Just looking around," I said beguiled  
By heaps of small girls' frocks in every hue.  
"They come with socks to match," the salesgirl beamed,  
"And here are ribbon bows already tied."  
I touched them with a longing hand, and dreamed  
I had a daughter shopping by my side.  
"These just came in." She smoothed a tiny muff  
And brought a bonnet trimmed with bits of fur.  
I stroked the little gloves just big enough  
To hold the warm and soft pink hands of her.  
"Shall I wrap these up?" she asked. I shook my head;  
"Some sturdy overalls for boys," I said.

E. G. STEIN



## "THE ADOPTED BABY"

For fifteen years the house was neatly kept,  
The floors each morning by the maid were swept,  
The chairs were dusted, and they held their place  
Like guards of honor, stern and grim of face.  
They called it home, for love abided there,  
But love needs more to feed on than a chair.

Order is Heaven's first law, the sages say;  
And yet I think God smiles on disarray—  
The disarray of little girls and boys,  
The sweet disorder of discarded toys,  
The bibs and frocks, the pretty bits of lace  
Which show there is a baby in the place.

For fifteen years the house was fair to see,  
But lovelier far today, it seems to me.  
Upon the sofa, always stiff and clean,  
Bottles and blankets and booties can be seen;  
And in a corner now a carriage stands—  
Order has vanished at a babe's demands.

The home is different now, and so is she,  
And so, by all that's wonderful, is he.  
They call this act adoption; but it gleams  
With God's fulfilment of long cherished dreams,  
For there has come a happiness He gives  
To every home wherein a baby lives.

ANONYMOUS



No gaiety I choose for you from out the treasure chest  
of life,

But the sweet peace of calm content, with gentleness and  
dearth of strife;

Not gaudy things and tinsel bright to deck your form and  
tresses,

But perfume of a fragrant rose, and best of all—a child's  
caresses.



## "NEW TOY"

A microscope, a gift more prized than all  
The sleds and guns and games that once he cried  
And begged for, now is his and can be tried  
Through golden peering hours. The dinner call  
Goes by unheeded, for he is in thrall  
To tiny wiggling things upon a slide  
That, with a probing pipette, he can guide,  
And name and stain and douse with alcohol.

Here is an augury for him who fears  
The future, and who dreads with worried breath  
The doubtful harvest of our anxious years.  
The long tomorrows hold no shadowed strife  
While boys whose games have always dealt with death  
Bend eager eyes to learn the ways of life.



## "THE PUNISHING"

I spanked a little boy last night—  
I thought that I was doing right;  
I thought that I was punishing  
A little boy for some wrong thing.

Today I bought a ball and kite  
For that some boy I spanked last night,  
Bought marbles, tops and everything  
To counteract the punishing.

You see, through tears the little lad  
Tried hard to smile, and then said "Dad,  
Will spanking make me good, like you?"  
I thing YOU would have bought things too.

ANONYMOUS



## "IF IT BE A DAUGHTER"

If it be a daughter,  
Teach her to be as gentle as the dew at dawn  
Settling on a blade of grass;  
Show her the grandeur in a ragged leaf,  
And in a winding road,  
And in a single star.  
Teach her to be forgiving, tolerant and kind;  
For kindness is lovelier than any glittering gown  
Or any silver slipper.  
Show her the greatness of all simple things,  
And the majesty of the roaring, foaming sea;  
Place in her hands the shining threads  
With which to weave ideals, with which  
To bind securely the love of life  
Given to her by you.

Teach her that if she would be great,  
She must make fine use of common things:  
A tiny house with curtains,  
A kitchen, a man and a child.  
Give her the knowledge you have gained  
From singing winds and bending trees  
And wistful smiles.  
Give her belief in books,  
Though they be but of paper and worn;  
For if she would know peace in spirit and in heart,  
She would read, with all the eagerness  
Of a flower, forcing its bloom above the earth.  
And, lastly, teach her to live as quietly  
As the magic passing of the moon  
Over a smooth, clear space of sky.  
This I ask, O Lord,  
If it be a daughter.

J. B. COHAN



One day I met upon the street  
A mite on yet uncertain feet.  
And with sweet innocence the child  
Looked up, and said "Hello" and smiled.

Should I be tempted now and then  
To lose my faith in fellow men,  
I shall remember that a child  
Looked up, and said "Hello" and smiled.





## "GIVE ME A SON"

Give me a son, O Lord,  
Who will be strong enough to know  
    when he is weak,  
And brave enough to face himself  
    when he is afraid;  
One who will be proud and unbending  
    in defeat,  
But humble and gentle in victory;  
A son who will know that to know himself  
Is the foundation stone of all true knowledge.

Rear him, I pray, not in the paths  
    of ease and comfort,  
But under the stress of difficulties and challenges.  
Let him learn to stand in the storm;  
Let him learn compassion for those who fail.

Give me a son whose heart will be clean,  
Whose goal will be high;  
A son who will master himself  
Before he seeks to master other men;  
One who will learn to laugh,  
Yet never forget how to weep;  
One who will reach into the future,  
Yet never forget the past.

And after all these are his, add, I pray,  
Enough of a sense of humor  
So that he may always be serious,  
Yet never take himself too seriously;  
A touch of humility,  
So that he may always remember  
The simplicity of true greatness;  
The open mind of true wisdom,  
The meakness of true strength.

Then I, his father, will dare  
In the sacred recesses of my own heart  
To whisper "I have not lived in vain."



## *Nature and Beauty*



## "THROUGH THE YEAR"

God be with you in the Springtime,  
When the violets unfold,  
And the buttercups and cowslips  
Fill the fields with yellow gold;  
In the time of apple blossoms,  
When the happy bluebirds sing,  
Filling all the world with gladness—  
God be with you in the Spring.

God be with you in the Summer  
When the sweet June roses blow,  
When the bobolinks are laughing,  
And the brooks with music flow;  
When the fields are white with daisies,  
And the days are glad and long.  
God be with you in the Summer,  
Filling all your life with song.

God be with you in the Autumn,  
When the birds and flowers have fled,  
And along the woodland pathways  
Leaves are falling, gold and red;  
When the Summer lies behind you  
In the evening of the year.  
God be with you in the Autumn,  
Then to fill your heart with cheer.

God be with you in the Winter,  
When the snow lies deep and white,  
When the sleeping fields are silent  
And the stars gleam, cold and bright;  
When the hand and heart are tired  
With life's long and weary quest.  
God be with you in the Winter,  
Just to guide you into rest.

I. S. CUTLER



Such joys in rain, such joy in dewy flowers,  
That only one in darkness understands,  
The deeper understanding of the hours,  
The pure content from seeing with my hands.  
I have the wind, the songs of wren and lark,  
And I have learned, from listening in the dark.



## "A CHURCH SPIRE AT SUNSET"

Above the city street a church's spire  
Is climbing its bright ladder to the sky;  
The steeple's slates glow red, its tip is fire,  
A single burning finger there, and high  
Above that peak a white dove swings,  
A scarlet light upon its breast and wings.

These are God's emblems, and they call to men  
Above the darkening shadows of the street,  
Beckoning to them, bidding them hope again,  
Bidding them to stay a moment their swift feet,  
Calling to them to lift their eyes, and there,  
Seeing that pointing finger, breathe a prayer;  
Seeing a white dove flying, bid them cease  
The clamor of their hearts and find His Peace.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL



## "TULIPS"

Bulbs I planted in the Fall,  
Covered them—and that was all.  
Bitter blew the wind that day,  
As I smoothed the bed of clay;  
But I whispered, "In the Spring  
This will be a lovely thing."  
Then the Winter came and frowned  
On that little patch of ground,  
Covered it with ice and snow,  
Uglier it seemed to grow,  
Bleak and desolate and bare,  
As if God ignored it there.

Now the sunbeams come to toil  
Busily above my soil,  
And with sculptor's blows precise,  
Now they chip away the ice,  
Melt with torch the frost and snow,  
So that every bulb may grow.  
Through the black earth I can see  
Beauty coming back to me.  
Life in blossom shall unfold,  
Red and pink and yellow gold.  
Thus, my tulips in the Spring  
Prove the faith to which I cling.

EDGAR A. GUEST

❧ "TREES IN WINTERTIME"

I love the wintertime when one can see  
The gracious, lovely framework of a tree;  
The trunk is like a pillar staunchly set  
Into the earth; the limbs are lines of jet  
Etched in fine strokes against the winter sky,  
Whose symmetry delights the artist's eye.

The sturdy trunk divides itself to send  
Long branches out, that in the summer bend  
Beneath their leafy weight; now stripped and bare  
They stand like giant tapers in mid-air,  
A hundred branches twined and intertwined,  
A fretwork fashioned by some master's mind.

A tree whose summer plumage hides her grace  
Now stands revealed like a thin person's face  
Shows the fine moulding of the human skull:  
So now the tree grows strangely beautiful,  
With every curving branch and limb and bole  
Part of the lovely structure of the whole.

Among the slender crotches here and there,  
Hang empty nests looking forlorn and bare,  
Like tiny cradles pilfered of their young,  
Where last year's fledglings lived, and songs were sung.  
And yet the old tree stands serene and prim,  
With dignity and grace in every limb,  
As if some genius with an artist's eye  
Traced every line in ink against the sky.

EDNA JAKUES

❧ "VACATION DAYS"

Thy blessing, Lord, on all vacation days,  
For weary ones who seek the quiet ways.  
Be Thou with those who bide where mountains rise,  
Where yearning earth draws nearest to the skies.  
Give them the strength and courage that they ask,  
New strength to face the waiting valley task.  
Grant those who turn for healing to the sea  
May learn the lessons taught at Galilee;  
New light to lead them through the shrouding haze.  
Thy blessing, Lord, on all vacation days.

M. A. HALEY





## "HILLS OF HOME"

The hills of home are little hills,  
But oh, I love them so:  
The purple-tinted sweep of them  
Against the evening's glow;  
The way a tall tree bends its head  
Like an old man when prayers are said.

The stony pastures climbing up  
Against the mountain's base,  
Whose dear familiar lines are known  
Like a beloved face;  
An old rail fence whose corners hold  
Wild flowers bright as guinea gold.

For elm and ash and stunted oak  
Grow on these hills of mine,  
Butternut trees and hickory,  
And clumps of knotty pine;  
Wild apples in an old ravine,  
A white birch, like a virgin queen.

O silent hills, I lift my eyes  
To drink deep of your strength,  
The comfort of enduring things:  
Peace for the journey's length;  
From petty cares and daily ills,  
I lift mine eyes unto the hills,  
Finding in them a sweet release,  
A zone of comfort, joy and peace.

EDNA JAQUES



God, grant that I may never be  
A scoffer at Eternity,  
As long as every April brings  
A sweet rebirth of growing things.  
When looking on the mother sod,  
Can I hold doubt that this be God;  
Or when a primrose smiles at me,  
Can I distrust Eternity?

—❧— "THE PACKAGE OF SEEDS"

I paid a dime for a package of seeds.  
The clerk tossed them out with a flip;  
"We have them assorted for every man's needs,"  
He said, with a smile on his lip;  
"Pansies and poppies, asters and peas,  
Ten cents a package, and pick as you please."

Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store,  
And dimes are the things that he needs,  
And I've been to buy them in seasons before,  
And thought of them merely as seeds;  
But it flashed through my mind,  
As I took them this time:

"You've purchased a miracle here for a dime,  
You've a dime's worth of life in your hand;  
You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate,  
Which the wisest can not understand.  
In this bright little package, now isn't it odd?  
You've a dime's worth of something known only to God."

These are seeds, but the plants and the blossoms are here,  
With their petals of various hues;  
In these little pellets, so dry and so queer,  
There is power which no chemist can fuse;  
Here is one of God's miracles soon to unfold,  
Thus for ten cents is Divinity sold.

EDGAR A. GUEST

—❧— "THE COMMON TASKS"

The common tasks are beautiful if we  
Have eyes to see their shining ministry.  
The plowman with his share deep in the loam;  
The carpenter whose skilled hands build a home;  
The gardener working with reluctant sod,  
Faithful to his partnership with God;  
A woman with her eyes and cheeks aglow,  
Watching a kettle, tending a scarlet flame,  
Guarding a little child—There is no name  
For this great ministry; but eyes are dull  
That do not see that it is beautiful;  
That do not see within the common tasks  
The simple answer to the thing God asks  
Of any child, a pride within his breast,  
That at our given work we do our best.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL



## "GARDEN EXPERIENCES"

It was difficult to work with,  
It was stubborn yellow clay,  
So we dug it from the garden  
And threw it all away;  
And we bought a load of top-soil,  
Very rich and very black,  
Which scarcely any effort would  
With blossoms pay us back.  
Yellow clay is dull to work with,  
And it bakes beneath the sun,  
And the man who has to fight it  
Knows his work seems never done;  
So we threw it in the alley,  
For impatient folks are we,  
And we wanted flowers in summer  
Without such a costly fee.

But our roses failed to flourish,  
And we saw them pine and die,  
And we called upon a gardener  
Who knew to tell us why.  
He looked the bushes over,  
In his wise and kindly way,  
And he said, "If you want roses,  
What you need is yellow clay."  
In our ignorance we'd fancied  
Only richer soils were good;  
That the heavy clay held virtue,  
We had never understood,  
It seemed so dull and stubborn;  
Yet we found to our dismay,  
We had had the stuff for roses,  
Yet we'd thrown it all away.

EDGAR A. GUEST



## "THANK GOD FOR BEAUTY"

I thank Thee, God, for lovely transient things,  
For luminous clouds and shining crystal dew,  
For quivering shadows and delicate smoke that  
Wings its way across a sky of blue.

Others may thank Thee, God, for food and raiment,  
For guidance along the narrow path of duty,  
For power to meet their debts with full just payment;  
But let me thank Thee, God, for fleeting beauty.

R. N. POTTS

—❧— "BLIND"

I cannot view the bloom upon the rose,  
But oh, the scent is very dear to me;  
I can feel the cooling breeze that blows,  
Though pearl-tipped peaks of hills I cannot see.

I cannot see the wild bird on the wing,  
But I can hear the swallows in the eaves;  
I hear the song that Nature has to sing,  
The gentle music of the rustling leaves.

I cannot see the children passing by,  
But I can hear their laughter as they pass;  
I cannot see the sunset in the sky,  
But I can feel the swaying of the grass.

I cannot see the moonlight on the sea,  
But I can hear the waves beat on the shore.  
I feast upon all Nature's melody,  
And thank my God, and do not ask for more.

N. V. PEARCE

—❧— "CHANGE"

If roses fade and poppies brighter glow,  
When lilies die the cherries ripened grow,  
When robins hush their merry songs at morn  
The crickets tune their fiddles in the corn;  
And who can miss the daisies on the wold  
When ripened wheat-fields turn to yellow gold?  
So all the year each fading beauty leaves  
New charm of leaf, or fruit, or bearded sheaves.

If visions fade ambitions take their place,  
If fancy fails the real has added grace;  
And when red lips make melody no more  
The heart may have, of song, an added store;  
And who can miss the calm of childhood's hour  
When dawning manhood tests his strength and power?  
'Tis true that Life each passing season brings,  
For all it takes away, more precious things.

RENA STOTENBURG TRAVAIS



## *Friendship*



—❧— "A FRIEND"

You entered my life in a casual way,  
And saw at a glance what I needed.  
There were others who passed me, or met me each day,  
But never a one of them heeded.  
Perhaps you were thinking of other folks more,  
Or chance simply seemed to decree it.  
I know there were many such chances before,  
But others—well, they didn't see it.

You said just the thing that I wished you would say,  
And you made me believe that you meant it;  
And I held up my head in the old gallant way,  
And resolved you should never repent it.  
There are times when encouragement means such a lot,  
And a word is enough to convey it.  
There were others who could have, as easy as not,  
But just the same, they didn't say it.

There may have been some one who could have done more  
To help me along, though I doubt it.  
What I needed was cheering, and always before  
They have let me plod onward without it.  
You helped to re-fashion the dream of my heart,  
And made me turn eagerly to it.  
There were others who might have  
(I question that part)—  
But after all, they didn't do it.

G. S. DAWSON

—❧— "LIKE CALLS TO LIKE"

If you walk as a friend you will find a friend  
Wherever you choose to fare;  
If you go with mirth to a far strange land,  
You will find that mirth is there.  
For the strangest part of this queer old world  
Is that like will join with like,  
And who walks with love for his fellow men,  
An answering love will strike.

Here, each of us builds his little world,  
And chooses its people too;  
Though millions trample the face of the earth,  
Each life touches but a few;  
And though to the farthestmost ends of earth  
Your duty may bid you fare,  
If you walk with truth in your heart as a friend,  
You will find a friend waiting there.



## "MIZPAH"

(May God keep watch between thee and me, while we are  
absent one from another.)

Go thy way, and I go mine.  
Apart, and yet not far.  
Only a thin veil hangs between  
The pathways where we are.  
And God keep watch 'tween thee and me;  
This is my prayer.  
He looks thy way, He looketh mine,  
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,  
Or which way mine will be.  
If mine will lead through parching sands  
And thine beside the sea.  
Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,  
So never fear;  
He holds thy hands, he claspeth mine,  
And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine,  
And my lot lowly be;  
Or you be sad and sorrowful,  
And glory be for me;  
Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,  
Both be His care;  
One arm 'round thee and one 'round me,  
Will keep us near.

I sigh some times to see thy face;  
But, since this may not be,  
I'll leave thee to the care of Him  
Who cares for thee and me.  
He keeps us both beneath His wings,  
This comfort dear,  
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me,  
Will keep us near.

And though our paths be separate,  
And thy way is not mine,  
Yet coming to the mercy seat  
My soul will meet with thine.  
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me",  
I'll whisper there.  
He blesseth thee, He blesseth me,  
And we are near.

J. BAKER



## "I HEAR IT SAID"

Last night, my friend (He says he is my friend)  
Came in and questioned me.

"I hear it said you have done this and that.

I came to ask, Are these things true?"

A glint was in his eye, of small distrust;

His words were crisp and hot;

He measured me with anger, and flung down

The little heap of facts had come to him:

"I hear it said you have done this, and that!"

Suppose I have? And are you not my friend?

And are you not my friend enough to say,

"If it were true, there would be reason in it.

And if I cannot know the how and why,

Still I can trust you, waiting for a word;

Or no word, if no word ever comes."

To all, I say, I am my own, alone;

And howsoever near my friend may draw

Unto my soul, there is a legend hung

Above a certain straight and narrow way,

Saying, "Dear, my friend, ye may not enter here."

I would the time has come, as it has not,

When men shall rise and say, "He is my friend.

He has done this? And what is that to me?

Think you I have a check upon his head,

Or cast a guiding rein across his neck?

I am his friend, and for that cause I walk

Not overclose beside him, leaving still

Space for his silences,

And space for mine."

B. YOUNG



It is my joy in life to find,

At every turning of the road,

The strong arm of a comrade kind,

To help me onward with my load.

And since I have no gold to give,

And love alone must make amends,

My only prayer is, while I live,

God make me worthy of my friends.

—❧— "FELLOWSHIP"

I think that I can truly say today  
That I am glad  
For all the sorrow I have had.  
I came upon one weeping by the way,  
And I had words to say  
To comfort her, because I too had known  
A sorrow that my heart had borne alone.

I know that I am glad that pain has stayed  
Awhile with me,  
For through it I learned sympathy  
With every fellow mortal, hurt, dismayed,  
Who prayed as I have prayed  
For quick release, and then has turned to wait  
The answer that will come, tho' soon or late.

Oh, It has taken longer than it should  
For me to see  
That grief and pain might work in me  
Some ultimate reward, some everlasting good;  
I did not dream it could.  
But now I know that only through these things  
Can we reach out and touch life's hidden springs.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

—❧— "FRIENDS"

If all the sorrows of the weary earth—  
The pains and heartaches of humanity—  
If all were gathered up and given me,  
I still should have my share of wealth and worth  
Who have you, Friend of Old, to be my cheer  
Through life's uncertain fortunes year by year.

Thank God for friends, who dearer grow as years increase;  
Who, as possessions fail our palsied hands,  
Become the boon supreme, than gold and lands  
More precious. Let all else, if must be, cease;  
But, Lord of Life, I pray on me bestow  
The gift of friends, to share the way I go.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

—❧—  
The way to appreciate beauty is to keep looking at it,  
The way to appreciate poetry is to keep reading it,  
The way to appreciate friendship is to keep giving it.

—••••• { "LITTLE BROWN DOG"

For the little brown dog who sees me down  
The hill to the car when I go to town,  
And carries my bag with an air of pride,  
As he trots sedately by my side,  
And waits to see that I'm all right,  
And watches the car till it's out of sight—  
I thank Thee.

For the way he tears down the hill to meet  
The car at night, on his mad little feet;  
That car will bring me, he knows, from town  
And the joyous greeting as I step down—  
A greeting the passengers hear and see,  
Every one of them envying me—  
I thank Thee.

For the great, true heart that is in his eyes,  
Tender and patient, brave and wise,  
That makes him know when I'm sick or sad,  
And, knowing, loves me the more, dear lad,  
With a love unquestioning, high and fine—  
For all of that little brown dog of mine,  
I thank Thee.

ANONYMOUS

—••••• { Though other folks may have more wealth,  
And some may have more strength and health,  
And doubtless other odds and ends—  
I count my blessings in my friends.

Though other folks may wiser be,  
And knowledge out of reach of me  
Be theirs, still nature makes amends  
By giving me my many friends.

Tho' other folks may take earth's glory,  
And honors in both song and story,  
My life, my every effort, tends  
To making better, simple friends.

Tho' other folks may have more taste  
In dress, or speech, in manners chaste,  
I prize the gift my Maker lends,  
The simple art of making friends.





## *Prayers*

❧ "PRAYER"

The day returns  
And brings us the petty round  
Of irritating concerns and duties.  
Help us to play the man;  
Help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces;  
Let cheerfulness abound with industry;  
And, when the twilight comes,  
Bring us to our homes,  
Weary but content and undishonored;  
And grant us at day's end  
The pure content from seeing with my hands.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

❧ "THANKSGIVING"

Dear Lord, accept our humble prayer  
Of Thanks for all Thy watchful care;  
For yield of field and vine and tree  
Our hearts give gratitude to Thee.  
Now lies the frost upon the vine . . .  
We see another year decline;  
But through the pain and strife and woe  
Thy blessings manifestly show.

Dear Lord, for laughter and for song  
Which have been ours . . . for righted wrong,  
For steps of progress we have made,  
For all the works of art and trade,  
For science which has conquered pain  
And given hope where hope seemed vain,  
For all that helps mankind to live . . .  
This day to Thee our Thanks we give.

Dear Lord, despite its pain and strife,  
We thank Thee for our richer life.  
This is a better world for man  
Than when this closing year began.  
We who have suffered still can find  
Proof of thy love and mercy kind.  
In all our works Thy hand we see,  
And bow in gratitude to Thee.

EDGAR A. GUEST

—❧—  
By night and day I weave for thee  
A golden, gleaming net of prayer.  
Its shining mesh you may not see,  
But it surrounds you everywhere.

God bless your peaceful sleep by night,  
God guide your busy steps by day;  
Keep faith within your heart alight  
In clouds and sunshine: This I pray.

—❧—  
Thank God for night with its great gift of sleep,  
More wonderful than all His gifts to men;  
For stars that walk the dreamways, and that keep  
Their wide-eyed watch until dawn breaks again.

Only those who carry sleepless scars,  
And only eyes that have looked long at stars  
Have learned to know how quiet God must keep  
To guide an earth through night, that men may sleep.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

—❧—  
Some have much and some have more;  
Some are rich and some are poor;  
Some have not a cent to bless  
Their empty pockets, yet possess  
Great riches in true happiness.  
To some, unclouded skies and sunny days;  
To some, gray weather and laborious ways;  
To all, Thy grace;  
To those who fail, Thy tenderness.

—❧—  
May God's sheltering wings protect you,  
And His light divine direct you,  
Turning darkness into day.  
May His counsel sweet uphold you,  
And His loving arms enfold you  
As you journey on your way.

—••••• { "THE GENTLE HEART"

Give me a gentle heart that I may do  
Naught but the gentle thing, my whole life through.  
Give me a heart as kind as hearts can be  
That I may give before 'tis asked of me.

Give me a faithful heart that shall divine  
The need of those whose hearts are dear to mine.  
Grant, Lord, that every thought of self may be  
Lost in the selfless light of Calvary.

P. THOMAS



God, keep my heart attuned to laughter  
When youth is done,  
When life sends gray days, coming after  
Springtime sun;  
Keep me from bitterness and grieving  
When life seems cold;  
God, keep me loving and believing  
As I grow old.

—••••• { "PRAYER"

Give me wide walls to build my house of life—  
The North shall be of love, against the winds of fate;  
The South, of tolerance, that I may out-reach hate;  
The East, of faith that rises clear for each new day;  
The West, of hope that dies a glorious way.  
The threshold 'neath my feet shall be humility;  
The roof, the very sky itself, infinity.  
Give me wide walls, O Lord, to build my house of life.

—••••• { "MY PRAYER"

Dear Lord, I do not ask that life may always easy be,  
But that I always have the strength for all that comes to me;  
I do not ask to make new friends, but humbly, Lord, I bow  
And ask that I may faithful be to those that I have now;  
I do not ask that I may live where rough winds never blow—  
I only ask that in my heart Thy peace and love may glow.

M. E. MARGRAT



## "PRAYER FOR TODAY"

These are the things for which I pray:  
Sufficient strength to meet the day,  
Sufficient heart to cope with cares  
And snags that take us unawares;  
Sufficient patience to be found  
To keep the peace with those around;  
A sense of humor all day long  
To turn a sigh into a song;  
Eyes to see the inner grace,  
The beauty of the commonplace.

The finest things in life  
Are those we neither sell nor buy:  
A bursting bud, a bird that sings,  
A glowing western sky,  
And friends to love. These are indeed  
Well worth their weight in gold;  
And may you know the gladness  
Which such things forever hold.



God bless you in the morning,  
And give you courage too  
To face whatever problems  
The day may bring to you.

God keep you safe at noontide  
When skies are bright above;  
Renew your strength and confidence  
In His sustaining Love.

God give you rest at eventide,  
And faith to carry on  
Till once again you rise to face  
A bright and fairer dawn.



For I am grateful Lord, because my meagre loaf I may divide;  
And that my busy hands may move to meet another's need;  
Because my doubled strength I may expend to steady one  
who faints.  
Yes, for all these I do give thanks.

✻ I pray the prayer the Easterners do,  
May the peace of Allah abide with you;  
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,  
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow;  
Through days of labor and nights of rest  
May the love of Allah make you blest.  
So, I touch my heart, as the Easterners do—  
May the peace of Allah abide with you.

✻ "LET ME GIVE"

God, let me be a giver, and not one  
Who only takes and takes unceasingly.  
Let me give, so that not just my own  
But other lives as well may richer be.

Let me give out whatever I may hold  
Of what material things life may be heaping.  
Let me give raiment, shelter, food or gold,  
If these are, through Thy bounty, in my keeping.

But greater than such fleeting treasures, may  
I give my faith and hope and cheerfulness,  
Belief and dreams and joy and laughter gay,  
Some lonely souls to bless.

M. C. DAVIES

✻ Give me a good digestion, Lord,  
And also something to digest.  
Give me a healthy body, Lord,  
And sense to keep it at its best.  
Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord,  
To keep the good and pure in sight,  
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,  
But finds a way to set it right.  
Give me a sense of humor, Lord;  
Give me the grace to see a joke,  
To get some happiness from life  
And pass it on to other folk.



—❧— "PRAYER FOR TODAY"

Our Father which art in Heaven,  
Thank You for waking us today,  
And for the laughter of our children . . .  
Small angels that You sent our way.

Give us this day to do the things  
We dream of but we never do . . .  
The shining deeds that haunt our hearts  
When all our daily tasks are through.

Forgive us, too, when we forget,  
And help us also to forgive.  
O Lord, Who taught us how to pray,  
Today please teach us how to live.

N. KENNY

—❧— "A TIRED PRAYER"

The way is hard, and I am torn by doubt,  
Confused by theories, dulled by the long grind  
Of work and worry, loneliness and grief.  
God, can You hear above this dust and din?  
They say You once were man and knew man's pain.  
Can You remember that far agony  
And, out of pity, grant this prayer to me?

Grant me a quiet spot within my soul,  
Like a green refuge in the forest's heart,  
Walled round with silence, dim and sweet and cool,  
Where I can hide myself some times away  
From all the heat and clamour of my life;  
A quiet spot where memories may come  
As dappled deer come down the forest aisles,  
Drifting like shadows through the sunshot gloom;  
So may my memories pass without a pang,  
Leaving me quickened by their loveliness.

Because You were a man, and knew man's pain,  
Man's fear, man's restless loneliness and grief,  
Give me this secret place where I may rest;  
Then, having rested, help me to go once more  
And face the challenge of this thing called life,  
And do the work You've given me to do.  
This is my prayer. Grant it, I pray, O God,  
For once, they tell me, You were tired too.

E. ROBINSON





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